THE IDEAL LADY

By Kathleen Whitenbury Gilbert

The station was crowded. The outgoing train had not a vacant seat; distracted ladies flew from door to door, tearing them open, and before even looking to see if the car contained an empty place, flying impatiently to the next. There were, of course, the usual number of persons to whom it was a necessity that this particular train should not be missed, and who preferred to stand to being left lamenting on the platform.

Among these the catching of this train meant much to a tall, slender, brown-eyed girl, who jumped with agility upon the platform almost as the train started. Entering the car, she opened a book and stood with an expression of determination to stand or die.

She had not closed the door behind her before she had recognized in a seat near her a youth who had often given up his seat for her before. She had not read a word of her book before he had risen, with a cheerful smile, and pointed to his vacant place.

In course of time the other passengers alighted one by one, and these two found themselves almost alone.

It was a glorious autumn evening, about six o'clock. She sat in her corner, her head bent over her book, the vivid colors of the setting sun turning her brown hair into red gold. He sat in the corner opposite, his eyes riveted on her. She had taken off her gloves and her slim white fingers clasped her book; she sat so that her face was three-quarters towards him, her head bent, and her simple cotton gown falling gracefully about her.

Unaware of his intent scrutiny, she started in surprise when, suddenly moving to the seat opposite her, he spoke:

"I beg your pardon—but would you think it very queer of me if I asked you to let me draw you? Just now, as you sit there?"

She raised her eyes and looked at him. She had considered him a mere everyday young man, but now she could see a sensitive, dreamy expression in his eyes and around his mouth, that stamped him an artist. She was so surprised that she could say nothing and he went on:

"I really wouldn't be a bother to you, you see—and you don't know what it would mean to me."

He had already whipped out notebook and pencil, and his long fingers twitched as though anxious to begin.

She looked at him with a chilly smile. "It's a very odd thing to ask," she began icily.

"You know I need not have said anything at all about it. But I did not like to do that—it would have seemed like stealing."

There was something so astonishing in this shy boy becoming bold that the girl laughed in spite of herself.

"Very well," she said, and dropping her eyes on her book, apparently gave it her whole attention as before.

But the book might have been upside down for all she could make of it. The words danced about in front of her, and the sentences jumbled themselves together. It was with the greatest exertion of will power that she kept her eyes lowered at all. She longed to see what those clever looking fingers would make of her.

At last her station was reached.

"Oh—don't—" came in a voice of such heart-breaking appeal, as she prepared to depart.

"This is my station; I am going," she said, as the train began to slacken speed.

"Oh, no. Not just yet," he cried, with a ring of despair in his voice.

Endeavoring to feel angry, the girl looked up at him once more. She would never have thought his face capable of such expression and power. While she looked she hesitated; the train had stopped. She still sat on.

They say that he—or she—who hesitates is lost; the whistle shrieked, the train gave a jerk and began to glide away. She gave a sigh, a burning flush spread over her face and she sank back ashamed into her corner. He drew on almost savagely, covering page after page of the notebook with the rough ideas.

It was not until the next station was reached and he opened the door and stepped out to assist her, that he spoke:

"I shall never forget what you have done for me to-day," he said. "I only hope you will forgive me."

When next they met, some long months after, they stood side by side before a picture—the picture. It was at a soiree given at a private view of a certain art exhibition, and the young artist, from where he stood hungrily watching the different effects his work had on the more or less casual spectators, had suddenly turned his head to the door and seen her come in. She had walked straight to his end of the gallery, and stood motionless before the picture.

He came to her side, and with something like an apology for speaking on his face, began:

"Excuse me—but I knew, I felt you would come this evening."

She colored slightly, and gave him a little, distant bow.

Then she looked at the picture.

There was the flaming sunset, just as she remembered it, with its vivid reds lighting up the face of a girl sitting by a window, a book held in her two white hands. There was a simplicity about the pose and dressing of the picture that might easily cause it to be passed by as a mere excellent piece of detail work, unless one looked long at the face of the girl. Then one could see she had just raised her eyes, with her lips parted to speak. She seemed to meet the gaze of each person with a wondering yet half haughty expression. There was a mysterious, nameless fascination in the beautiful brown eyes, in which lay the reason for the whole picture.

"Do you like her?" asked the young artist, eagerly.

"Not as a portrait of myself," the girl answered.

"Oh, why not?"

"You have used too much of the ideal lady you were thinking of," she answered, "and too little of the flesh and blood me."

He looked from one to the other critically, then said, bluntly:

"I see what you mean; all the same I don't think so. That is you to me."

They stood before the picture a few minutes longer, then he said: "There are some gems of miniatures in the little room over there; will you come and see them?"

She looked around; her family had wandered away, so she figuratively snapped her fingers at the prudent, prim self who wanted to make her listen to the voice of Mrs. Grundy, and took his proffered arm.

They went to this room, but they took very little notice of the "gems." He pushed a chair forward, and she obediently sat in it.

"I really feel I ought to say something about the very unusualness of my proceeding, that day last year," he said; "only I don't know where to begin."

"Oh, it's all done now," she said, hurriedly. "It cannot be helped."

"It was an irresistible impulse to draw you—" he began.

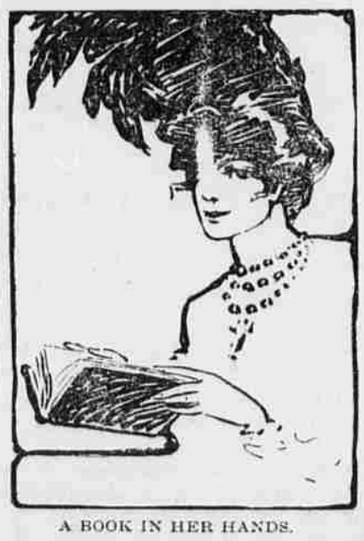
"Oh! but that's not me," she said, firmly. "I really make no pretensions of being that girl. She is far too beautiful, too wierdly beautiful," she finished, frankly. "I don't quite understand it," she added, reflectively; "there is a mystery in that face, something that I believe will haunt me till I know the meaning. Will you explain it to me?"

"It is unexplainable," he answered, quietly.

"It was a great liberty to take with my face," she said, laughing rather hysterically, "putting riddles into my eyes, which generally I am afraid, speak things all too clearly."

Presently he looked up at her with something of the boyish expression once more on his face.

"It is a curious thing," he said musingly, "our being thrown together



A BOOK IN HER HANDS.

in this way. I suppose you would scout the idea of affinity of souls—and all that—bosh?"

"Oh, dear, yes," she said pushing her chair back quickly.

"You don't think then, for instance," he went on solemnly, "that we two—might end in—in—"

She rose hurriedly, not trusting the expression on the earnest boyish face, nor indeed the somewhat rapid beating of her own heart.

"Good gracious no," she said sternly, "why, we have never been introduced."

There was a second's pause. Then he held out his arm.

"Will you allow me to take you back to the other room, just while I go and fetch one of the reception committee?"

And before she realized what he was doing, he left her for a moment returning with a flurried looking gentleman with a white badge in his coat, who, after audibly asking both their names said politely:

"Miss Dennison—may I present Mr. Richard Orme to you?" and vanished.

Animal Hospital in India.

There is an animal hospital at Lodepur, near Calcutta, where there are usually about 1,000 animals under treatment—horses, oxen, mules, elephants, dogs, and even sheep—all comfortably housed and looked after by a staff of 80 native "nurses," under the orders of a British veterinary surgeon.

All Over.

Hubby—I don't see why you shouldn't exert yourself to make me happy.

Wifey—Why, of all things! You know you told me when I accepted you that I had made you the happiest man on earth. What is the use of my trying to improve on that?—Stray Stories.

Andean Climbers.

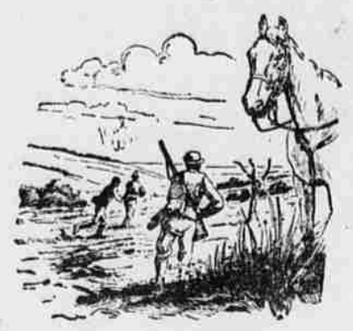
In the Andes a curious effect is noted by travelers. There is an inn half-way up the direct route where ascenders and descenders frequently meet, the former half perished with increasing cold, the latter overwhelmed by increasing heat.

GUERRILLAS ROUNDED UP.

Troopers of the Sixth Tennessee Have a Lively Time with Rebel Raiders in the Winter of 1863.

A lively cavalry raid in the vicinity of Bolivar, Tenn., in the winter of 1863, is described in a communication to The National Tribune from Comrade W. F. Mosier, Company G, Sixth Tennessee cavalry, dated Alvord, Tenn. He says Col. Feeling Hurse was commanding his regiment at the time, and it was in camp near Bolivar. Guerrilla bands made frequent incursions in that vicinity, and one night the post known as "mill post" was fired upon and captured. The men comprising the post were turned loose, but the confederates kept all the guns and equipments. These descents were of such frequent occurrence that Col. Hurse determined to put a stop to them, and although it was raining, he mustered about 300 of his men and pursued the enemy. On the second day the colonel and 12 of his men who were in advance of the column came to a house on the right of the road. This was near a town known as Saulsbury.

"The colonel rode toward the house, and beckoned to the boys to come ahead. As we passed in front of the



BY THIS TIME I HAD SPRUNG TO THE GROUND.

house the confederates began to run out, and we fired into them. In turning the corner of the house and going down a little hill my horse stumbled and fell. Part of the column passed over me and went to the right into the woods. I sprang up, and seized a fine horse tied close by which belonged to the enemy, and, mounting the animal, rode to the top of the hill. Coming near to where the firing was, I found Col. Hurse alone and two confederates on foot firing at him. I was within about 40 yards of him when his horse reared and he went backwards on the animal's withers. He quickly arose and drew another pistol.

"By this time I had sprung to the ground from my horse, and was trying to shoot one of the enemy. But one of them ran away and Col. Hurse was taking aim at the other, and had clipped a wisp of hair from the left side of his head, when he surrendered. Upon examining the colonel's pistol it was found that one of the bullets fired by the confederates had hit it in the center of the muzzle, thereby disabling it. The colonel asked him why he did not shoot some more before surrendering. He replied because he knew if he had continued to shoot the colonel would have killed him. We captured 38 of the gang. They said they belonged to Old Saul Street. We got as the spoils of war 27 carbines that they had captured from our picket posts at different times."

CALIBRE FIFTY-FOUR.

Plucky Lad While Painfully Wounded Cautions Gen. Sherman to Remember the Ammunition.

At the first assault on Vicksburg, while the battle was raging, a boy in the employ of a regiment crossed the plain where iron hail was falling to reach one in action.

"How can I help you?" he cried.

"Bring me some ammunition," said Colonel Malmsbury, "and be sure it is calibre 54."

The boy darted off, returned with his apron full of 54 calibres, and again crossed the exposed plain under a heavy fire, when a bullet struck his hip; still he went forward, limping. General Sherman's quick eye saw him and he cried out: "Go instantly to the hospital."

"I can't," said the boy.

"You must," said the general.

"I can't," repeated the boy; "they need ammunition, calibre 54."

"Go instantly to the hospital, and I'll attend to the ammunition."

As he trudged away he thought he forgot something. Slowly and painfully he limped back and called out, "General Sherman!"

But General Sherman was directing the battle.

Again he called out, "General Sherman!" No answer. Still a step nearer and a louder cry, "General Sherman!"

"What now!" came quick and sharp.

"General, remember, calibre 54."

The wounded boy dragged himself to the hospital and so severe was the injury that he was laid up for months.

The boy's name, says a correspondent of the American Tribune, who relates the incident, was O. P. How, who was later a cadet at the U. S. Naval Academy, Annapolis, Md.

HIS HEAD BLOWN OFF.

Former Wearer of the Gray Tells of the Tragic Death of a Comrade During a Desperate Charge.

An account of a tragic war-time happening is related in the National Tribune by Corporal Engene O'Connor, of Georgia. It is as follows:

With more than 40 years between him and the events of Malvern Hill, Capt. Warren Mosely, confederate army, was standing on the curbstone brooding over the death of a soldier in gray, wondering who it was who stood foremost in a charge of a Louisiana brigade with fixed bayonet, advancing up the hill and across a clover patch, when a shell from a gunboat in the bay took off his head and spattered his brains and blood all about the uniform of Capt. Mosely, himself advancing through the thick rain of shot with his Georgia brigade.

"I turned suddenly at the terrible concussion caused by the proximity of the shell's trail of death," said Capt. Mosely, speaking of the incident, "and saw that man standing headless, with bayonet drawn as in the charge, his blood spurting high in the air from the jugular vein, and it seemed to me an hour before he reeled and fell, still holding on to his gun. To me that was one of the most horrible sights of the period. I went back and looked at him after the fight to assure myself that it was not a dream of frenzy in those exciting moments. He was there as I had seen him fall, and more than 40 years have passed with that picture forever impressed on my memory."

Capt. Mosely was thus relating this story on the street corner to an interested party of gentlemen. He said he had long tried to learn who the private was, but while he was talking he had not noted that a listener in this group, long since the events of the civil war a gray-haired man, himself a man of those strenuous times, now growing pale and tremulous as the grim tale was reeled off. This listener then asked where the Louisiana brigade had entered the fight, and when Capt. Mosely went over this part of the story again a little chapter adding another event to the stories of the '60's was closed.

"That was my brother," said the pale man, and the one described the affair with such precision as to convince the other that they had the identical incident fastened in their minds. The interested and saddened speaker was R. W. Jemison, and it was his brother's blood that had been mingled with Capt. Mosely's on the uniform of the latter at Malvern Hill when the one was killed and the other was badly wounded in the rain of shells. Both Capt. Mosely and Mr. Jemison have been citizens of Macon many years, but they had not known all of this one of the many unwritten tragedies of the civil war.

THE GETTYSBURG GUN.

A Piece of Rhode Island Artillery with a History—Part It Played in the War.

The state of Rhode Island has now as a treasured relic a cannon which belonged to battery B, First R. I. L. A., and a resolution is before the general assembly authorizing the appropriation of $300 for the erection of a tablet on the place where the gun was last in action. On the tablet will be placed the name of Alfred G. Gardner, "whose hand placed the shot in the muzzle and sealed it with his blood."

The battery, better known as Hazard's belonged to the artillery brigade, Second corps, with its captain commanding the brigade and Lieut. T. Frederick Brown commanding the battery. At Gettysburg the battery lost one officer and six men killed, and one officer and 18 men wounded, and the five batteries of the brigade were so shattered that they had to be consolidated into three. During the fiercest of the fight William Jones was No. 1 and Alfred G. Gardner No. 2 at the piece. Gardner was in the act of taking the shot from No. 5, over the wheel, when he was struck by a shell, which tore off his arm and shoulder and then struck the muzzle of the gun and exploded, instantly killing Jones. Gardner lived for a very few minutes. Sergt. Albert Straight was in command of the piece, and ran to Gardner, who took from his pocket his Bible, and, handing it to Sergt. Straight, said: "Give this to my wife, and tell her I died happy." Sergt. Straight then turned to the gun and tried to force down the shot which Gardner had placed in the muzzle, but owing to the bruised condition it would not go down in spite of Sergt. Straight's pounding it with an ax. As the gun cooled it gripped the shot in the muzzle as in a vice.

Refuge for Debtors.

The Isle of Man, headquarters of Scandinavian pirates in ancient days, was in modern times the happy city of refuge for the debtors of England and the bold, bad smugglers. The debtor especially gave the island an evil name. A sorrowful historian declares that for nearly a century the isle was a "sanctuary for the unfortunate and profligate of the surrounding nations, who flocked thither in such numbers as to make it a common receptacle for the basest of their kind." Happier days have come to the island, for it is now only the fortunate "who flock thither in such numbers."

Her Experience.

"One doesn't often get a husband like John," said the St. Louis lady.

"No?"

"No, indeed. At least I seldom have."—Louisville Courier-Journal.

HORTICULTURE

MARKING AN ORCHARD.

How Rapid Work May Be Done with an Old Wheel and Money Saved.

The diagram below shows wheel for laying out ground for orchard that I have used for some years. The drawing shows for itself how made; two boards 10 feet long, 1x4, put together as shown, with wheel at one end, and wide enough apart at the other for a man to stand inside, and draw it. An old wheelbarrow wheel is what I use.

THE MARKER FOR ORCHARD.

When you have your ground, say 10 acres more or less, ready, establish base lines, writes a Michigan orchardist to the Rural New Yorker. Then draw this wheel from one tree point to one on opposite side of field back and forth, until marked one way. Then mark the field the other way, and at the point where the wheel marks cross is the place for a tree. The hole is to be dug there, and the tree is to be set on a line each way with the mark. Not a stake need be set except to go by in marking. One man can work ground for 1,000 trees in eight hours, and the trees will be in perfect line each way. Any man who can follow the line of two stakes can do the marking. A variation of a man's body from side to side does not affect the wheel 8 or 10 feet back, and the wheel mark is so unlike any other mark that there is no danger of losing the line. In setting 1,400 peach trees I saved at least $10 by this method, beside having every tree exactly in line.

FIGHTING CANKER WORMS.

Interesting Experiment by Prof. Slingerland at Cornell University.

The class taking advanced work in economic entomology at Cornell, N. Y., made an interesting experiment, writes Prof. Slingerland in the Cornell Countryman.

For several years a group of large elm trees about a mile from the university campus have been nearly defoliated by hordes of spring canker-worm caterpillars. These little measuring-worms hatch in May from eggs laid on the bark by moths that emerge in March and April from pupae in the soil beneath the trees.

The male moths have well-developed wings and fly readily, but the females are wingless and are thus obliged to crawl up the trees and deposit their eggs on the bark of the branches. The ascent is always made at night. Various devices, such as sticky bands, and wire, tin or stiff paper barriers, have been used on the trunks of trees to prevent the ascent of the wingless female moths.

Recently a fly-paper manufacturer has made a tree-tanglefoot mixture, and with a liberal sample furnished by the firm, several of the infested elm trees were treated. One tree was more than two feet in diameter and the bark was very rough. It took several pounds of the tanglefoot to make a complete band six or eight inches wide around the trunk, several feet from the ground. The application was made on March 15, just before the moths began "running" up the trees.

Great masses of the wingless female moths were found March 31 on the lower edge of the sticky band, and thousands of flying males were caught all over the band. A few females were able to get over the band where dead males had formed narrow bridges across the tanglefoot. Several pints or many thousands of the females were caught and killed by the band on this one large tree. As each female may lay 200 or more eggs, the tree was relieved from feeding hundreds of thousands of canker-worms in May. The experiment was thus a striking success and has furnished a valuable object lesson."

Yes, and it should furnish a useful object lesson to the farmer. The spring spring canker-worm often attacks other trees besides elms—apple trees, for instance. If the tanglefoot preparation is not readily obtainable, other sticky substances may be used. Tar, printers' ink, thick molasses, bird-lime, or bands of fly-paper, are all more or less useful for the purpose.

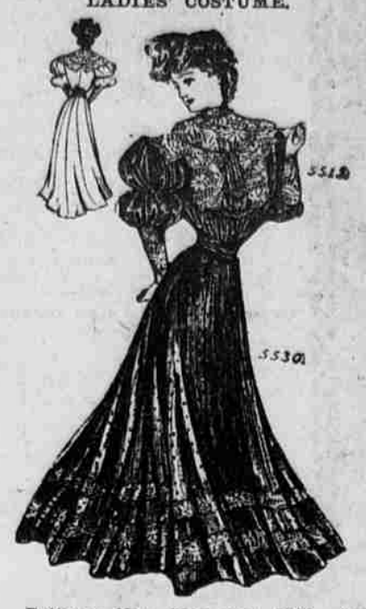
If fly-paper is used, remember that it should be at least five inches wide, and must fit close to the bark. On rough-bark trees, the bark must either be scraped smooth where the band is to go, or all depressions must be filled with clay or putty, so as to make a smooth surface on which to fasten the sticky band.

Coddling moth: This is the pest that causes wormy apples. As soon as the blossoms fall, spray the trees with the Bordeaux-arsenate mixture. Repeat in ten days. Now don't delay. The work must be done right after the falling of the blossoms.—Prairie Farmer.

Head your trees low so that you won't have to call out the fire department with the extension ladder when you go to spray your orchard.

Our Pattern Department

LADIES' COSTUME.



Patterns Nos. 5515 and 5530.—An attractive mode is here represented in black crepe de chine, combined with black lace. The waist is made over a fitted lining and the front is decorated with shirred tucks arranged in clusters. A fancy bertha gives a dressy touch, but if desired this may be omitted. The nine-gored skirt flares at the lower edge and the pattern provides for medium sweep, round and short round length. The design is suitable for taffeta, pongee, cashmere, voile and broadcloth. The medium size will require two and one-half yards of 44-inch material for the waist and six and three-eighths yards for the skirt. Ladies' Waist, No. 5515: Sizes for 32, 34, 36, 38, 40 and 42 inches bust measure. Ladies' Nine-Gored Flare Skirt in habit style or with applied box-pleat in back, No. 5530: Sizes for 22, 24, 26, 28, 30 and 32 inches waist measure. The above illustration calls for two separate patterns. The price is ten cents for the waist and ten cents for the skirt.

This pattern will be sent to you on receipt of 10 cents. Address all orders to the Pattern Department of this paper. Be sure to give size and number of pattern wanted. For convenience, write your order on the following coupon:

No. 5515 AND 5530.

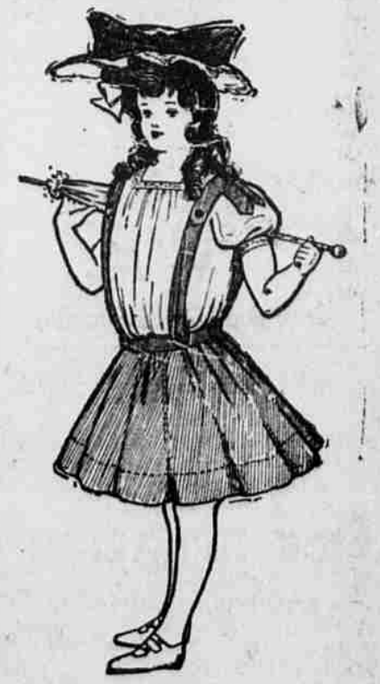
SIZE.....

NAME.....

ADDRESS.....

Our Pattern Department

GIRL'S SUSPENDER DRESS.



Pattern No. 5142.—The very latest styles for the little girl show suspender costumes. They are extremely smart and jaunty, and what is more to the point, very simple to make and easily laundered. The blouse waist is made over a fitted lining, and attached to a full gathered skirt. A pretty way is to make the skirt and suspenders of some heavy washable material and the blouse of some sheer white fabric, such as lawn, dimity, or batiste. The suspenders are cut in sections and button together just below the shoulders and also to the belt. This pattern is as suitable for the light weight woolens as for the cotton goods, challis being especially pretty. The medium size requires four yards of 36-inch material. Sizes for 5, 6, 7, 8, 9, 10, 11 and 12 years.

This pattern will be sent to you on receipt of 10 cents. Address all orders to the Pattern Department of this paper. Be sure to give size and number of pattern wanted. For convenience, write your order on the following coupon:

No. 5142.

SIZE.....

NAME.....

ADDRESS.....

Its Architectural Features.

"McGarvin, what sort of house are you building down there on the boulevard?"

"O, the usual sort. It rests on a foundation of debt, and is topped off with a mortgage."—Chicago Tribune.